THE
NATION

NOVEMBER 12, 1960 . . 25c

America Reaps the Whirlwind

CUBA'S INVASION JITTERS

Carleton Beals

TWILIGHT for TRUJILLO

Stanley Meisler

THE WHITE HOUSE AND THE REINS OF POWER

A Review by George Dangerfield

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

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LETTERS

'Gambling, Inc.'

Dear Sirs: I think Fred J. Cook has done a very thorough and futile service [in "Gambling, Inc., Oct. 22 issue] for the public, which will simply react with a "My, my those crooks!" and promptly send another $10 for Turf Tips, Jockey Room Secrets and other gold-plated guarantees for the fourth at Gulfstream. I don't think legalized gambling is the answer, but I do think that in states like Pennsylvania, where there is a state monopoly on liquor, if off-track parimutuels with track odds were installed and operated by state employees, we could kill the bookie by the simple device of a five-year minimum sentence for anyone convicted of operating a book in the state.

JEREMIAH P. SHALLOO
Dept. of Sociology, U. of Pa.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: The excellent article, "Gambling, Inc.," by Mr. Cook, certainly presents a factual account of the corruptive influence of commercialized gambling from one coast of America to another. The report is well documented and should alert the public to the great evil stemming from this social and political problem. The article should serve as a valuable source of information to those interested in the problem and it performs a genuine public service.

VIRGIL W. PETERSON
Operating Director
Chicago Crime Commission

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: I found Mr. Cook's article, on first reading, most informative. As a retired Treasury agent who sent Mickey Cohen and Benny Binion to prison, had considerable to do with the Jack Dragna case until his indictment was wiped out by his death, and having more than a passive interest at one time or another with the Wertheimer brothers, Buggsy Siegel and some of the others, it appeared to me that Mr. Cook had done his work very well.

DAN E. GOODYKOONTZ
Executive Director
Houston Crime Commission

Houston, Tex.

World Between Covers

Dear Sirs: I believe that *Nation* readers will be interested in the Seventh Annual World Affairs Book Fair to be held at the Foreign Policy Association-World Affairs Center, at First Avenue and Forty-seventh Street, New York City, from Nov. 11 to Nov. 19. More than 1,000 books, ranging from children's picture books to learned analyses of economic trends, will be on display.

The Foreign Policy Association-World Affairs Center is a non-profit educational organization for citizen education and constructive participation in world affairs, and our annual book fair is designed to further this goal.

JOHN W. NASON
President, FPA-WAC

New York City

Second-Class Visitor

Dear Sirs: I fought with the U.S. Fifth Army in Italy in World War II as a second-class GI (they gave dark green uniforms to all who, like myself, came from the Italian underground). Now I seem to be entitled to what I might call second-class visitorship.

This is my third visit to the United States as a special correspondent for the Rome leftist daily, *Paese Sera*. I fall into the C-2 visa category—i.e., I can go to the U.N., but not down to the Village, or up to Harlem, or West of Central Park—on the basis of my political affiliations in Italy.

Nevertheless, on my earlier trips I was able to obtain special permission to travel outside this orbit, across the country, in fact. The outcome of these travels was a book which some of my liberal friends have declared to be too "pro-American." I have recently expressed my conviction that the election of Senator Kennedy should be greeted in Europe as a healthy development in American politics. . . .

When I asked, a few days ago, to be allowed to travel again across the United States to cover some aspects of the electoral campaign, my request was flatly rejected by the State Department. . . . I had never thought that friendship and good will could be so unrewarding in a period when the problem of rebuilding American prestige abroad seems to have become a major issue for the Presidential candidates.

G. CORSINI

New York City

Irrefutable Truth

Dear Sirs: Geoffrey Barraclough's review of *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* [*The Nation,* Oct. 29] should be "must" reading for anyone old enough to read. His indictment of the German people is historically correct and no attempts at whitewash can change this irrefutable truth. It is indeed tragic that our policy makers, in the interest of expediency, turn their backs on this obvious fact.

MEYER GOLDMAN

Chicago, Ill.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1960
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Lesson of the Campaign

This is written on the eve of the election; and, as after a six-day bicycle race, everyone is glad that the campaign is over. From an ideal democratic standpoint, it was a nauseating exhibition. By tacit agreement the really important issues, domestic and foreign, were ignored or given the stereotype treatment. There was never any real debate. The appeals to the electorate, if not on the lowest possible level, hovered close to it. Reason was submerged in emotion, most of it so palpably phony that at times the candidates seemed to be caricaturing themselves. The only way an informed voter could bring himself to cast a ballot for either was to excuse half of what he said on the ground that surely he didn't mean it literally, but was just following an accepted technique. To the end, Mr. Nixon remained the more obnoxious in his tactics and tirades, and in many cases that was the ground of choice — a sort of electoral shotgun marriage. The only ones who were really happy in this campaign were the bobby-soxers, who thought Senator Kennedy was just a doll, or the matrons who identified themselves with Mrs. Kennedy or Mrs. Nixon.

Yet it was an instructive four months for those willing and able to look political reality in the face. This is the way things are in the United States in the seventh decade of the century, and these are the circumstances that liberals, radicals, progressives, humanists, dissenters and the like must resolve to cope with, or take to collecting stamps or breeding pigeons. What else, when you come down to it, could have been expected? We live in a mass culture in which politics are carried on with the same marketing techniques that sell tooth pastes and home appliances. The candidate, like the advertiser, cannot afford to antagonize any large group or interest. When he is forced to talk of unpleasant things, he must promise to restore (or prolong) the happy state of affairs which existed when his party was in power. Such remedies as he offers must be specious, since real remedies are expensive and involve difficult choices. He must not debate, for that would involve coming to grips with realities that would surely frighten away voters who prefer to believe that everything will turn out all right if only we don't resort to thinking. It is safer and more practical for the candidates to follow the tried and true methods of the mass media from which the great majority of the voters get such information as they bring to the polling place.

Is this cause for despair? *The Nation* does not think so. Large organizations and vested interests are not incubators of new political ideas — particularly not in a period of rapid social change. But by the same token, the power of ideas was never greater. The trouble is that liberals, radicals, progressives, dissenters, et al., have not known how to exercise the power which they incontestably possess; either they have not understood their role, or they have defaulted. Theirs is the role of the permanent opposition, the permanent third party in continuous session. But this is not the role they play; rather they sit on the sidelines, hoping that some idealistic Knight Errant will emerge, by some miracle be nominated for the Presidency and then go on to win — thus relieving them of all direct individual responsibility. If this campaign was — as indeed it was — a vacuum, it is largely because there was no effective pressure on either candidate or either party — the pressure of ideas, of new proposals, of moral standards. There is no point in bewailing the current mode of politics; the problem is to discover how the individual can make his influence felt in the new dispensation. Nobody takes the free-wheeling intellectual seriously in politics because nobody has to — at the moment.

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The War Against History

The war in Algeria is now in its seventh year. The French are no longer issuing casualty figures, but a year ago the dead numbered over 170,000. The French now have 500,000 soldiers tied down in Algeria. France, not a wealthy country, and a first-class power only in retrospect, is spending about $2 million a day in trying to conquer an Algerian guerrilla force which, according to the French themselves, has never exceeded 35,000 men.

Obviously the Algerians cannot hope to win a military victory — but the past six years show that a French victory is equally an *ignis fatuus*. As the war grinds on, new perils arise, and almost all of these threaten France and the West. The internationalization of the conflict is in prospect. Khrushchev received Algerian representatives cordially while he was in New York, and promised them aid. In Tunis, 30,000 Tunisians shout "Down with America!" and "Down with NATO!" at a mass rally, and U.S. State Department officials confess their concern over the "desperate note" that has crept into recent statements by President Habib Bourguiba. In Casablanca, leftists riot in protest against the government's consent to a French military base in Morocco. Not only Moslem but neutral sympathies everywhere are with the Algerians.

The United States is involved not only through its alliance with France, but because the whole Moslem world is aware that the French are carrying on the Algerian war partly with American equipment. The United Nations is involved because, if it remains impotent through six years of fighting in North Africa, how can it expect to be effective in the more explosive emergencies that are sure to crop up?

As for General de Gaulle, to whom many Frenchmen looked for salvation in 1958, time is fast running out. The Army's loyalty to him has always been conditional. France is torn between the "Algeria is French!" fanatics and the larger faction which wants an end to the war at any cost. The whole temper of the times is against a French victory; the release of the other French colonies in Africa is testimony enough. Whatever de Gaulle does, his perils are great; but he has already gone too far along the course of autonomy to surrender to the Algeria-forever-French fanaticism. His best chance is to make another attempt to negotiate with the Algerian Provisional Government, the F.L.N., which has agreed to abide by the free choice of the Algerian people. French rightists undercut de Gaulle's original offer by demanding that self-determination be exercised under French Army control and by insisting that the rebels first "lay down their knives." When Ferhat Abbas, the Algerian Premier, replies, "We are not going to lay down our arms on vague promises of a self-determination the application of which is to be entrusted to an Army, an administration and a police force that condemn the principle of self-determination itself," he not only means it, but he makes sense as far as all the world outside of the French die-hards is concerned. With the record in this form, de Gaulle must make another effort.

The Efficacy of Terror

That torture became passé with the Inquisition is an illusion which the Algerian war has dispelled. In that gruesome conflict, the Algerians have specialized in assassination, the French in torture, although both methods have been used by both sides on occasion. And neither has worked. The two sides have received advice on this subject from widely disparate sources in the past week or two. Maurice Cardinal Feltin, Archbishop of Paris and Vicar General to the French Army, issued a pastoral letter outlining the duties of Roman Catholics in the field. All excesses must be "severely repressed," His Eminence cautioned; police operations must never replace legal processes, illegal executions are prohibited, the search for intelligence data, while indispensable, "must be carried out by legitimate methods and respecting the principle of man's dignity." The Cardinal's preachment against military brutality is complemented by a fatherly talk which Mao Tse-tung gave to Ferhat Abbas on the latter's visit to Peking. As reported in *L'Action* of Tunis, Mr. Mao told Mr. Abbas that the Chinese Communists never killed a prisoner in their wars with Japan and the Kuomintang. "Only an unceasing effort at persuasion is profitable," Mao said. "It is a mistake to believe that by physically eliminating traitors or enemy prisoners, you can serve a revolutionary cause." Disloyal Chinese were captured, "re-educated," and liberated. Some enemies were not easily re-educated and, when necessary, the process was repeated a second or third time.

Mao's advice is worth pondering, even though it comes from a Communist. The twentieth century is scarcely so superior in morality to the fourteenth that terror will be abandoned on humane grounds, but if it fails to work, its exponents may have to re-educate themselves.

No Substitute for Policy

We admire the individuals in France who have used non-violent means to protest French policy in Algeria. We applaud the Aldermaston marchers who have registered a dramatic criticism of British defense policies in the teeth of much scorn and abuse. But "unilateral disarmament" is not a policy; it is a slogan. In Britain, the unilateral-disarmament advocates, by ducking the issue of what American policy should be, can make an extremely plausible argument. In essence they say, "let

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the Americans handle the deterrent." Doubtless this suggestion carries great force in Britain.

On October 10-13, the International Cooperative Alliance held its 21st International Congress in Lausanne, although readers of the American papers would never have known it. The I.C.A. is an old-established organization with deep roots in the national life of a great many countries. It is truly world-wide in membership and affiliation: Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and the USSR were represented, in addition to the United States, Great Britain, France and many other nations. A. P. Klimov of the Soviet Union was, in fact, elected third vice president. By and large, the type of thinking that prevails in the I.C.A. is "social democratic"; the organization is not in any sense "pro-Soviet" or "soft on communism." The peace resolution adopted by the congress is simple, short and cogent. After declaring that "the creation of conditions which will weaken the will to aggression, reduce tension and open ways to peaceful coexistence of all nations, irrespective of their economic and social systems, must be the overriding aim of world statesmanship," the resolution recommends: (1) Resumption at the earliest possible moment of negotiations for a general agreement on universal and complete disarmament under an efficient system of inspection and control; (2) Acceleration of all measures together with an increase of resources enabling the United Nations to assist newly emancipated peoples in their economic and social progress; (3) Reinforcement of the authority and effectiveness of the U.N. as the indispensable means whereby the security of all nations, and especially the dignity and independence of those nations which have recently attained self-government, can be guaranteed.

There is nothing novel about these recommendations; quite the contrary. But they have the special merit of stressing the need for a policy — a policy which could form the basis for an American peace movement.

See Montana Now!

Marvin Miles, the enterprising space-aviation editor of the Los Angeles *Times*, does not usually go in for resort plugs, especially outside of California, but he has recently made an exception in favor of the beautiful and rugged state of Montana. Meeting up with Brig. Gen. Alvin C. Welling, head of the Army Corps of Engineers Ballistic Missiles Construction Office, Mr. Miles received a briefing and a detailed map, duly reproduced in the *Times*, showing the Minuteman missiles which will be emplaced in Montana in 1962. It will be an "underground forest" of sixty-foot, solid-fueled, nuclear-tipped rockets standing in sub-surface silos, "ready for instant reprisal assault." Or perhaps just for assault. Mr. Miles follows convention in emphasizing that the Minuteman is a good missile, which will be fired only in self-defense, in contrast to the bad Soviet missiles which we are trying to deter from aggression, but defense is not built into any weapon and how it is to be used depends on men, not on missiles.

All right-thinking citizens, however, will rejoice at the news that in the Great Falls area launch alone, 150 Minutemen will be deployed. These are only the in-the-ground variety; in Montana, as in other states, mobile Minutemen will be mounted on trains and the trains will tour the country, keeping the Soviets guessing as to their whereabouts and keeping Soviet spies in work. Further reassurance will be furnished by the information that the Minutemen in the Montana missile field will be sufficiently separated so that one enemy warhead will destroy only one Minuteman launcher. However, the enemy is reputed to have a generous "overkill" capacity, even as we have, and it is possible that in the pursuance of his nefarious designs he might allocate a few hundred, or even a few thousand, megatons to the Montana missile field alone. If so, there would not be much left of that part of Montana — to look at, that is: the place would be a crater a few hundred feet deep and a few hundred miles across. Those who like Montana the way it is might, therefore, consider a vacation there before 1962, and be sure to take your camera along.

Love in the Jury Room

The practice of satire is in disuse, though the occasions crying out for it have never been more numerous.

In London late last month *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, that most subpoenaed of novels, went before a jury of nine men and three women who would try once again to decide whether or not Lawrence's earnest classic was obscene. The prosecutor declared, predictably, that the book did indeed "tend to induce lustful thoughts," that "it sets upon a pedestal promiscuous, adulterous intercourse." Attorney for the defense (Penguin Books, Ltd. was before the bar) urged, with similar lack of originality, that Lawrence was a great believer in marriage and "wholesome" union. He asked the jury to "read the whole book as you read an ordinary book from beginning to end."

Mr. Justice Byrne agreed that such a reading was necessary and adjourned the case for a week to give the jurors time to get on with the job. Also, because "at home you might have distractions," he ordered the jury to assemble each morning in the jury room for this literary exercise. The spectacle of nine men and three women officially convened to read *Lady Chatterley* and peering over the tops of their tidy Penguin editions to note which members of the group were showing the perspiration of lust or indicating a willingness to mount the promiscuous pedestal, is as wryly humorous a symbol of our time as a satirist could reasonably desire.

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CUBA'S INVASION JITTERS . . *by Carleton Beals*

CUBA HAS intervention jitters. Cuban leaders, who know history much better than do U.S. politicians, recall that when President Taft ordered American citizens out of Mexico in March, 1913, there followed the assassination of one of Mexico's most honorable Presidents (one who had been badgered and conspired against by North American corporations), and the setting up of the brutal, anti-revolutionary government of Victoriano Huerta.

Cubans recall their own recent history. When, in 1934, Grau San Martin — a mild reformer — had the temerity to impose a minimum wage of $1 a day in Cuba and tried to reduce electricity rates from 25c to 17c a kilowatt-hour, the island was ringed with thirty U.S. war vessels; two cruisers sat out his entire administration in Havana Harbor, their naked guns pointing up O'Reilly Street. Cubans recall how U.S. Ambassador Sumner Welles, who had ousted dictator Machado and set up the short-lived De Cespedes government, conspired with the Fascist A.B.C. terrorists and Fulgencio Batista to overthrow Grau and put in the illegal Carlos Mendieta government, with its ensuing terror and bloodshed.

They recall more recent history: the secret consultations by U.S. Ambassador Earl E. T. Smith with Minister of War Tabernilla to replace the tottering Batista regime with a military junta. But unlike the machinations of Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson in Mexico and those of Puerifoy in Guatemala, Mr. Smith's maneuverings came too late to short-change the Castro revolution.

Castro's revolutionary government knows that Washington has declared implacable economic warfare on Cuba, that its goal is the overthrow of Fidel Castro whatever the cost. Some months ago, Castro's officials got hold of copies of placards being secretly printed by U.S. Ambassador Philip W. Bonsal. This is the house of an American citizen, the placards read, and the text went on to ask that both citizens and property be respected *not by the government of Cuba, but by whoever might have authority*. Now Washington has suggested that Americans get out of Cuba. In Cuba, this was taken to be the first step in an armed intervention scheme. It was also so interpreted by every ex-Batista assassin and exiled plotter.

Cuba has become somewhat accustomed to U.S. Congressmen rampaging up and down Latin America, spreading propaganda that the Havana government is Communist; they are used to the worst elements of the Batista regime being permitted to deliver the same message in the committee rooms of the Senate. They have become somewhat inured to the hate campaign in the American press. They were even braced for Washington's latest economic step, the final cutting off of U.S. trade.

But recent U.S. moves have been more serious. The lid is apparently off once more for planes based in the United States to violate Cuban territory, to scatter literature, to land rebels and weapons, to destroy cane fields and factories. The Cuban government charges that the Escambray band of rebels was supplied by arms dropped from a U.S.-based plane.

The Cuban government is worried about two other developments. It alleges that a fleet of army transport planes has been assembled in Guatemala for probable attack on Cuba (just as planes and equipment had previously been assembled in Nicaragua and Honduras for the overthrow of the Arbenz government in Guatemala). Cuba is also concerned with the rapid build-up of military strength and materiel in Haiti, where the shaky terroristic government of Duvalier is sustained by the biggest U.S. military mission in all Latin America.

MUCH OF THE tense situation in Cuba pivots on the U.S. Naval Base at Guantánamo, controlling the port which the Americans chose as their invasion point in the Spanish-American War. Given present-day weapons, including atomic submarines, the base no longer has the strategic importance it once enjoyed as a defense outpost for the Panama Canal. Today it is chiefly a vacation paradise for tired Marines and top brass — and, as U.S. Navy spokesmen have indicated, a point from which the United States can seek to dominate the political life of the Caribbean people.

The manner in which the base was originally obtained — by means of the bayonet-imposed Platt Amendment — presumably would be out of date in this era of universal national emancipation. And for use of this fair spot wrested from the Cubans, the United States has been paying the generous sum of $2,000 in gold annually to the Cuban government — less than the apartment rent of some of our State Department officials. (In contrast to this rental figure, a Cuban official estimates that personnel on the base have cleared at least $1 million in black-market money operations since Castro came into power. It was through this back door, Raul Castro believes, that Sergio Cárbo, publisher of *La Prensa Libre*, was able to get over $500,000 out of the country before skipping out.)

WHAT THE Cubans most fear is a fake assault on the U.S. Guantánamo base as a pretext for armed intervention. The Cuban militia has ringed the base not in order to attack it, but to try to prevent any such trick maneuver by land. But the air is something the Cubans cannot control. They consider the U.S. news reports that Cuba has been painting some of its own planes with U.S. insignia a very sinister matter. Acting Foreign Minister Carlos Olivares Sánchez, replying to a U.S. protest, declared the report "malevolent and false," revealing "criminal espionage activity" aimed at embarrassing the Cuban regime. On its side, the State Department has told the press it fears that the Cubans are deliberately trying to provoke an American

CARLETON BEALS has been writing on the Latin American scene for nearly four decades.

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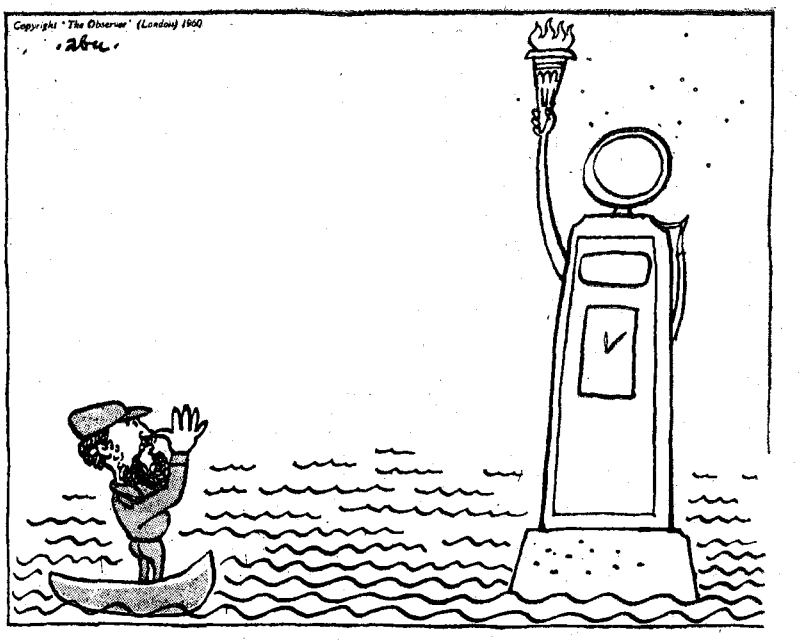
attack. Whatever the truth, the Cubans really fear that the United States is maneuvering to use Guantánamo as a pretext for invasion.

Even if an attack occurred, the Cubans may be wrong in believing that immediate armed intervention would follow. A state of quasi-belligerency between the two countries would permit the United States to blockade the island and starve the Cuban people into submission. There are indications that a clique in Washington, chiefly military, wishes to set up such a blockade and seize all shipments from iron curtain countries. Such a course could bring about armed clashes with the Soviets, who might attempt to protect their shipping with warships and submarines.

Besides threatening world conflict, our Cuban policy has broken the New World front. Each hour that our punitive blows hit Cuba, we lose support from the people of Latin America; and even the support of "loyal" governments grows shaky. Peru, to which we offered a fair-sized loan to induce it to initiate the recent San Jose conference of American states, has now refused to accept the money; instead, the Peruvian Congress is considering four laws for seizure of American oil property.

NOR does Latin America feel easy over our attempt to cut off Cuba's trade with the Soviet bloc. Many of our sister republics have extensive trade deals with Communist countries. Brazil has set up a $200 million trade deal to get rid of surplus coffee. Argentina made a $100 million deal in return for which Russia obtained oil exploration and drilling rights. Uruguay has been selling a third of her national product to Eastern Europe. Chile has been negotiating a deal to trade copper for oil. A number of other countries have trade arrangements. This trade is necessary, for the United States would bankrupt itself if it guaranteed to take all Latin America's surplus raw materials at proper prices. Indeed, Washington has never before complained in this regard. Even Batista had sold nearly two million tons ($180 million worth) of sugar to the Soviet Union.



Latin American ill-feeling toward the United States has been building up steadily, especially since the Washington-engineered overthrow of Arbenz in Guatemala. The resentment flaring today — in every country — at our Cuban policy needs no Castro propaganda to feed it. Today there is scarcely a government to the south of us that dares criticize Castro or to defend our policy towards him. Unless our policy is rectified, and soon, a revolutionary wave of unprecedented proportions is likely to shake the entire continent; and if Castro's revolution is broken by us in Cuba, the Organization of American States will also be smashed.

THERE IS nothing to hope for from either Presidential candidate. [This was written before the election.—Ed.] Nixon upholds the present punitive policy and seeks the overthrow of Castro, even if he disagrees with Kennedy's wild proposals to promote revolution in Cuba. The Democratic candidate's own twelve-point program for Latin America, seemingly so concrete, is actually pompous and vague, showing little knowledge of the present state of affairs to the south. Neither candidate is aware, apparently, that a Princeton University poll in Cuba as late as August showed 85 per cent of the people behind Castro and the revolution.

Indeed, the baiting of Castro's Cuba by both candidates represents an interesting reversal of the traditional political situation. Washington has always discounted criticism from Latin American politicians as demagoguery designed to win Latin American votes. Now, as Cuba's Foreign Minister, Raul Roa, has pointed out, Cuba is being used as a scapegoat by U.S. politicians busy garnering U.S. votes. Considering the relative strength of the two countries, it is a pathetic spectacle.

Of course, Castro is doing considerable baiting of his own; and by virtue of the very size of the Goliath he is defying, he is probably getting more mileage with the maneuver than either Kennedy or Nixon. Castro probably knows this, and it may be that he has deliberately whipped up a war scare in Cuba. At a time when the opposition to him — financed generously by funds from abroad — is getting organized, he might very well find public demonstrations in his favor a useful weapon.

The Presidential candidates quibble about prestige. Prestige with whom? Franco's Spain? Duvalier's Haiti? Somoza's Nicaragua? The stooge governments of Asia? Our cold war against Castro is losing us the battle for all the neutral and independent new countries of the world. Cuba, indeed, may be our last chance to prove that we intend something better than a Hungary, a Cyprus, an Algeria; Cuba could be our last chance to save face, and also prestige, with the people of Latin

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America. Unhappily, the signs are that we intend to proceed on our present path of folly.

We shall fail in Cuba even if we do manage to put in a counter-revolutionary government. Such an anti-Castro regime would either fall to a "revolution of the streets" which would make Fidel seem pale pink, or it would maintain itself on the basis of a terror worse than that of Batista. Will we then support a bloody dictatorship of the Right, despite our protestations that we are against dictatorship of all kinds? For that matter, if we are really against dictatorship, why do we pick exclusively on Cuba? What about Trujillo? What about Franco? Why do we pick on a government which promises, for the first time in Cuban history, to make possible a decent living for its people?

It would seem that there are wiser policies open to us. Egged on at long last by the Cuban revolution, we have promised Latin America some aid, at present a piddling $500 million (we've given nearly $2 billion to Franco alone). But at least this money now is to be used not for private enterprise, but for land reform and social welfare. If we really believe in land reform for Latin America, and intend to help pick up the tab for it, then why not pick up the tab for Cuba and guarantee her agrarian bonds? This gesture would cost us little more than what we should have paid for the use of the Guantánamo Naval Base all these six decades. It would certainly be cheaper and more sensible than bringing a possible world war close to our shores, breaking the hearts of the Cuban people, and perhaps fomenting a dozen Cuban revolutions elsewhere in Latin America. The whole deal would cost us less than the development of one of our new-fangled moon-rockets.

Perspective on the Sobell Case . . *by William M. Kunstler*

SOME MONTHS ago—June 20 to be exact—a half-page ad in *The New York Times* asked for the release of Morton Sobell, currently ending the first decade of a thirty-year sentence for conspiracy to commit espionage. Sponsored by a group of distinguished Americans which included Max Eastman, Maxwell Geismar, the Rev. Donald Harrington, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Dr. Horace Kallen, Murray Kempton and Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, it reproduced excerpts from the remarks of seven speakers who, a month earlier at New York's Community Church, had urged the commutation of Sobell's sentence. What made the appeal particularly significant was the fact that its participants included an Indiana Congressman, an erstwhile perennial candidate for the Presidency on the Socialist line, a writer of national prominence and a well-known civil-liberties lawyer. At long last, the cause of the electrical engineer who had been convicted with the Rosenbergs was being espoused by a varied—and increasingly respectable—body of opinion. In the light of this metamorphosis, perhaps a long and searching look should be taken at the substantive case against Sobell.

Ten years to the day before the appearance of this ad, one William Danziger, who had attended City College with Sobell, visited him at his home in Flushing. Sobell informed Danziger that he was taking his family, which consisted of his wife and two children, to Mexico City "for a vacation." Two days after this visit, the Sobells left the United States by air. Several weeks later, Danziger received two letters from Mexico City in Sobell's handwriting which contained enclosures which he was requested to forward to certain of his former classmate's relatives. Each envelope had a different name in the return address box—"M. Sowell" on the first and "M. or Morty Levitov" on its successor.

During his stay in Mexico, Sobell visited the coastal cities of Vera Cruz and Tampico, calling himself first "Sand" and then "Salt." He registered for the flight from Tampico back to the capital as "M. Solt." A Mexico City neighbor, Manuel Giner de Los Rios, remembered that Sobell had, toward the middle of July, asked him for directions to both seaports. Sobell told de Los Rios that he wanted to leave Mexico "because he was afraid to return to the Army . . . since he has already seen a war, has experienced a war." Specifically, Sobell said that he was fearful that he would be picked up by the American military police if he remained in Mexico any longer.

Early on the evening of August 16, four Mexican security policemen seized Sobell in his Mexico City apartment. Eight hours later, he found himself seated between two armed guards on the rear seat of a large Packard which headed northward and crossed the border at Laredo, Texas. There, he was handcuffed and taken to the office of James S. Huggins, a United States Immigration inspector. Although Huggins could not remember who gave him the information, he wrote the words "Deported from Mexico" on Sobell's record card. The prisoner was then turned over to FBI agents who had been waiting in Huggins' anteroom. Five days later, Sobell was transferred to the Tombs in New York City where, on October 10, he was indicted, with Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, for conspiring "to communicate, deliver and transmit [to] . . . the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics . . . documents, writings, sketches, notes and information relating to the National Defense of the United States."

This, in short, was the "flight" evidence against Sobell. Although, upon

WILLIAM M. KUNSTLER teaches law at New York University Law School and is the author of First Degree *and other books.*

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the advice of counsel, he did not testify in his own behalf, he maintained, in an affidavit submitted in an unsuccessful attempt to obtain a new trial, that his trip to Mexico was just what he had told Danziger it was, a summer vacation. It was only when he read of Rosenberg's arrest on July 17 that he seriously considered returning to the United States. He had become increasingly disturbed about "conditions in the world" and this had led to his use of aliases on his letters home and while traveling in Mexico. District Judge Irving R. Kaufman warned the jury that "evidence of flight does not create any presumption of guilt although it is a legitimate ground for an inference of a guilty mind, if the jurors conclude that such inference is justified."

THERE was only one witness who testified as to Sobell's involvement in espionage, an old friend named Max Elitcher who had been the best man at his wedding. To understand the part played by Elitcher at the trial, some knowledge of the chain of events that led inexorably to the arrest of the Rosenbergs is indispensable. Igor Gouzenko, the defecting cipher clerk at the Russian Embassy in Ottawa, turned over some classified Soviet files to the Canadian government in September, 1945, which revealed that Dr. Alan Nunn May, a British scientist, had given Russia its first uranium samples. May was arrested in England and pleaded guilty to having violated the Official Secrets Act. His notes belatedly flushed out Klaus Fuchs, a German-born physicist, who had worked on the United States Manhattan Project at Los Alamos, New Mexico. Fuchs confessed and identified an American chemist named Harry Gold as the courier who had been his contact with Anatoli Yakovlev, a Soviet agent in New York. Gold, in turn, admitted that he had once served the same function with David Greenglass, a former enlisted machinist in the "E" shop at Los Alamos. Greenglass, who was Ethel Rosenberg's brother, confessed that he and his wife, Ruth, had transmitted certain information about the atom bomb to Gold, but insisted that his brother-in-law Julius had persuaded them to do so.

Thus, there was a direct line from one admitted participant to another until the trail stopped with the Rosenbergs, who denied to the end that they were criminally involved with May, Fuchs, Gold, Yakovlev or the Greenglasses. Assuming the Rosenbergs to be guilty as charged (and I think that they were), it would seem that Sobell's conviction can be justified only if the government produced sufficient evidence of a criminal connection between him and someone in the chain that led from May to the Rosenbergs. This was Max Elitcher's role.

Elitcher, who was the prosecution's lead-off witness, had attended City College with both Sobell and Rosenberg in the late thirties. In 1939, when he and Sobell were employed by the Navy Department's Bureau of Ordnance, they had shared an apartment in Washington. Shortly after the two men had started living together, Elitcher testified, Sobell had recruited him into the Communist Party. They had attended party meetings regularly until Sobell left Washington in September of 1941 to take courses leading to a Master's degree at the University of Michigan.

Elitcher had not seen or heard from Rosenberg, who had been a class behind him at City College and whom he hadn't known very well, since graduation. Suddenly, in early June of 1944, Rosenberg visited him at his home in Washington and asked him to see what he could do about obtaining "military information" for Russia. Sobell, he was told, was also "helping in this matter." When Elitcher mentioned this visit to Sobell in late August, the latter "became very angry and said, 'he should not have mentioned my name . . . he shouldn't have done it.'"

THE Sobells were married in March, 1945. That summer, Elitcher, who was on a vacation in New York, spent one night at Rosenberg's apartment in Knickerbocker Village, a Manhattan housing project. At that time, Rosenberg said that he had been discharged from his job with the Signal Corps "for security reasons" but that he had learned, with some relief, that his dismissal had been caused by his Communist Party activities and not by "this espionage activity."

In September, Rosenberg visited Elitcher again in Washington. The conversation was much the same as it had been in June of 1944. Russia had "a continuing need for new military information" and Elitcher was asked to help in obtaining it. "I said I would see and if I had anything and I wanted to give it to him, I would let him know." Three years later, in 1948, despite the fact that he had turned nothing over to Rosenberg, Elitcher said that both Julius and Sobell urged him to change his mind and not leave Washington as he had planned because somebody was needed "to work at the Navy Department for this espionage purpose."

BETWEEN 1941 and 1944, Elitcher met Sobell on two occasions when the latter visited Washington. The next time that he saw his former roommate was on a vacation trip to Kumbabrow State Park in West Virginia just before Labor Day, 1944. It was at this time that he and Sobell had discussed Rosenberg's June visit. Sobell, Elitcher said, became very agitated that Rosenberg had mentioned his name. Although Sobell's fiancée and the witness' wife were also on the trip, neither one was present at this conversation.

In early 1946, Elitcher visited Sobell in Schenectady, where the latter was employed by General Electric. At this time, he testified, Sobell asked him whether he could have some classified reports about a fire-control system on which Elitcher was working for the Navy Department. He had also urged his guest to "see Rosenberg," that it "had to do with this espionage business." When the witness finally saw Rosenberg in "either the end of '46 and possibly, '47," he informed Julius that he was "perhaps in a more receptive frame of mind for him." But, instead of being received with welcome arms, he was warned not to contact Rosenberg until further notice because the latter "felt that there was a leak in this espionage, and because of that

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there were precautions being taken by him."

In 1947, Sobell accepted a position with the Reeves Instrument Corporation in New York City. At the end of that year, Elitcher met him in a Third Avenue restaurant where Sobell asked him for the names of "any engineering students that I might know, who were progressive. . . ." Then he asked Elitcher whether his wife knew anything "about this espionage business." When he was told that "I thought that she might know," Sobell said, "Well, that isn't good." How much Helene Elitcher "knew" still remains a mystery.

In June of 1948, when Elitcher informed Sobell that he had decided to leave the Navy Department, he was told not to "do anything about it before you see me. I want to talk to you about it and Rosenberg also wants to speak to you about it." Both men then urged him to remain with the Bureau of Ordnance, advice which Elitcher promptly disregarded. In fact, with Sobell's help, he began working for Reeves the next October.

One afternoon in late July, Elitcher drove his family from Washington to New York, where they were to stay with the Sobells until they could locate "a permanent home." Outside of Baltimore, the witness said, it appeared to him that he was being followed by several cars. He arrived at Sobell's Flushing home some time between nine and ten that night and promptly told his host about his suspicions. Sobell became very angry and said "that I should not have come to the house under those circumstances." When Elitcher protested that he had no other place to go, Sobell said that he would have to deliver something to Rosenberg that night, something that looked to Elitcher like "a 35-millimeter film can," and which, his host informed him, was "too valuable to be destroyed and yet too dangerous to keep around."

Despite the fact that Elitcher had just completed a tiring two-hundred-mile drive, Sobell insisted that he accompany him to Manhattan. After crossing the East River, they drove to Catherine Slip, a street that led to Rosenberg's apartment in Knickerbocker Village. While Elitcher remained in the car, Sobell took the can out of the glove compartment and walked off in the general direction of Knickerbocker Village. He returned some thirty minutes later, and started back to Flushing. On the return drive, Elitcher asked him, "Well, what does Julie think about . . . my being followed?" Sobell told him not to worry about it as Julius had told him that he had once talked on the telephone to Elizabeth Bentley (who was then busy testifying before several Congressional committees) but "he was pretty sure she didn't know who he was and therefore everything was all right."

For the next two years, the two families lived side by side, as Elitcher was successful in locating a house next door to Sobell's. He knew that his neighbor had "a Leica camera, and an enlarger and material for processing film," and that he occasionally took material out of Reeves in a briefcase, but "what the material was, I do not know." He had last seen him in June of 1950, when Sobell told him that he was going to "bring their daughter to visit Washington." The next thing he knew, the family was gone. This, in brief, was Elitcher's story.

JUDGE KAUFMAN told the jury that if "you do not believe the testimony of Max Elitcher as it pertains to Sobell, then you must acquit the defendant Sobell." Was Elitcher's testimony, uncorroborated as it was, capable of reasonable belief? Was it enough to supply the "guilty mind"

necessary to transform the "vacation" to Mexico into a "flight"? The witness, who freely admitted that he had lied as to his Communist Party membership in a sworn application for government employment and hoped that he wouldn't be indicted for perjury (he never was), told a story that, with the exception of the Catherine Slip episode, consisted solely of a few discussions with Sobell about some extremely nebulous espionage. Even if one accepts the mad dash to Catherine Slip (which Elitcher omitted from his first two written statements to the FBI and from his initial testimony before the federal grand jury) at face value, there is no evidence whatever as to the contents of the can Sobell supposedly took with him, or that it was even delivered to Rosenberg. Except for Rosenberg, no witnesses were present at any of these crucial conversations with Sobell, although some of them occurred when other people were in the immediate vicinity. One of these persons — Mrs. Elitcher — was never called to the stand, although she was nearby when Rosenberg first visited her husband in June of 1944 and again when Sobell had railed against Rosenberg in Kumbabrow State Park three months later.

The late Judge Jerome Frank, who voted to give Sobell a new trial, thought that Judge Kaufman had committed reversible error in not pointing out to the jury that Elitcher's testimony was capable of supporting "either of two inferences, i.e., that Sobell agreed only (1) to transmit certain kinds of military information to Russia or (2) that he agreed with the other conspirators to transmit 'any military information of all kinds.'" The district judge did not, in Frank's opinion, make it clear to the jury that, in order for Sobell to have become a member of the larger—and atomic—conspiracy, he would have had to agree to transmit all kinds of secret information and "not just certain kinds which he knew about."

Lastly, assuming that Elitcher was telling the truth and that Judge Kaufman's charge was, as a majority of the Court of Appeals thought, entirely correct, then one is left with

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the argument that the thirty-year sentence was much too severe for the offense proved. In sentencing the Rosenbergs, Judge Kaufman was influenced by the fact that their crime was, in his opinion, "worse than murder" in that "in putting into the hands of the Russians the A-bomb years before our best scientists predicted Russia would perfect the bomb," they had "altered the course of history to the disadvantage of our country." But as far as Sobell was concerned, the judge admitted that "the evidence in the case did not point to any activity on your part in connection with the atom-bomb project." Yet he sentenced the defendant to thirty years in prison, with a gratuitous recommendation against parole.

On the other hand, Doctors May and Fuchs, who admitted that they had been instrumental in giving the secret of nuclear fission to the Russians, received ten and fourteen years respectively and both have been released. David Greenglass, who confessed that he and his wife had transmitted a great deal of Manhattan Project information to Gold and Rosenberg, was sentenced to fifteen years, and is scheduled for release on November 16, while Ruth Greenglass was never prosecuted. Even Colonel Rudolph I. Abel, whom *The New York Times* described as "the highest ranking Soviet spy ever caught in this country," received the same thirty years meted out to Sobell. In fact, when one considers that Sobell spent the first five and a half years of his confinement in maximum-security Alcatraz, his sentence was, to that extent at least, even more severe than that of Abel, who was sent to Atlanta.

According to Section 4202 of Title 18 of the United States Code, "A Federal prisoner . . . wherever confined and serving a definite term of over one hundred and eighty days, whose record shows that he has observed the rules of the institution in which he is confined, may be released on parole after serving one-third of such term or terms. . . ." Since Sobell was sentenced on April 5, 1951, after being under arrest since August 16, 1950, under a literal interpretation of the law he should, as a model prisoner, be eligible for parole on April 4, 1961. The Department of Justice, however, by deducting some 487 days which he spent in New York City's West Street House of Detention while his appeal was pending, maintains that his release cannot be considered until August of 1962.

Granted that Sobell signed an election not to commence service of his sentence so that he could be in New York during the preparation and argument of his appeal, the Department's interpretation of Section 4202 seems unduly harsh, and it would appear that, despite Judge Kaufman's stricture against parole, the Board of Parole has the power to effect his release on or after April 4, 1961. Whether Sobell's present position is considered from the viewpoint of the tenuous nature of the evidence against him, the alleged failure of the trial judge to charge the jury correctly, the disparity of sentences for more serious offenders, or as a matter of common humanity, that power should be exercised.

PAYMENT BY STATUS . . *by Edward W. Ziegler*

EVEN THOUGH the consumer price index inches higher and higher, executive salaries and stock options have more than kept pace. The same is true of executive and sub-executive "status" payments, which in many ways are as important as the hard cash to industrial managers.

The fact is that in industry today there are more high-sounding titles, more soft-feeling emoluments and more well-paid sinecures than at any time in recent history. Executive washrooms, deep-pile carpeting, company-owned Cadillacs and special hunting lodges are typical status rewards for top management in America. Even British executives are cashing in on the lush age of corporate perquisites. According to the London *Observer's* columnist, Pendennis, in the new *Daily Mirror* building in London, "The lifts for the public and staff travel 800 feet a minute. The private lift for the chairman, Cecil Harmsworth King, travels at 900 feet a minute."

In Dearborn, Michigan, where Ford Motor Company executives are meeting these days to plot their sorties into the 1961 market, putting greens atop the flossy company headquarters lie close-cropped and ready, should the rigors of hard planning become intolerable.

And in Union Carbide's recently completed corporate cathedral on Manhattan's Park Avenue, there are fifteen *acres* of inch-and-a-half Dynel carpeting, in addition to 3,000 brand new desks — 400 of ordinary wood for ordinary executives, and a few, for top management, of finest teak.

These are not random omens, by any means. As a matter of fact, when a corporation sets out today to build itself a new headquarters building, it can parcel out its status payments in rigidly controlled increments. Thus you can fairly well gauge the magnitude of the stars in Union Carbide's firmament by matching floor number with department. At the very peak of the corporation's shining new 53-story building, of course, is the water tower. But just below that are the top corporate administrative and finance officers (on the 52nd floor). Trailing off toward the street floors are the lawyers (48th floor), plastics department (46th), research administration (43rd), tax department (42nd), management services (37th), and patents department (33rd). Tenants occupy the 25th through the 13th floors, and below that come lower status Union Carbide departments

EDWARD W. ZIEGLER, a former newspaper man, is now an editor at McGraw-Hill.

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such as general accounting (10th), traffic and purchasing (6th), and personnel (4th).

At another New York City corporation that is housed in a more modest, 30-story building, there is such an obvious hierarchy of departments by floor that some members of middle management talk of the "Gamma-15 Effect," which is their way of describing the distinct drop-off in status of people below the 15th floor. According to their scheme, people are ranked according to the "Brave New World" system: alpha being a superior status holder; beta, above-average; gamma, average; delta, below-average; and epsilon, abysmally low in status. You can tell the difference, they claim, simply by listening to the amount of noise on each floor. "Deltas make about three times more noise than betas," they explain.

Because Madison Avenue's buildings are somewhat squat by comparison with the newer buildings of Park Avenue, a corner office on that street often assures occupants nothing better than a view of three other buildings. But at that, there is enough of a status increment between such an office and the office of a junior executive to keep everyone approximately in his place. A junior executive typically gets just one window. If he gets two windows he will probably find that there is a column obstructing his view through one.

A young manager who won a promotion at one Manhattan corporation headquarters to an outside office (with a window) was soon visited by a man from stores who asked him what kind of a picture he would like for his wall. "They offered a bowl of fruit, a sailboat, or a landscape for a man of my rank. But I like Utrillo, which is only for top executives, so I said 'no thanks.' He sort of shook his head and left." The next day, the young manager says, his secretary got a call from stores asking if he was sure he didn't want a picture. "Those poor guys will probably never be able to explain the inventory discrepancy."

THE PETTY politics of status have seeped all the way down to the worker. He isn't a worker any more. He's an "employee." By the same

token, the district manager isn't a district manager any more. Chances are he's a vice president. Even chairmen and presidents are popping up with increasing regularity.

Borg-Warner Corporation has forty chairmen or presidents — one for each of its divisions. IBM has seven presidents. Firestone Tire & Rubber has twelve. Burlington Industries has twenty-four.

When you begin to tally the vice presidents, the number becomes three-digital. Status inflation has carried 111 men at New York's Bankers Trust Company to the level of vice presidencies. Of course the banks started the title inflation in the first place, but if they started it, Madison Avenue is bidding fair to finish it.

THE former chairman of a modestly large advertising agency with annual billings of $30 million successfully kept the number of vice presidents in his agency down to a mere half dozen. He says: "I wasn't going to have a dozen or two dozen of 'em the way some of the other agencies did. If you create that many big titles, you get caught in a vicious circle." If a man has six or eight men reporting to him, the ex-chairman says, that is no great problem. "But double that and what do you have? Utter chaos. If you have to review the operations of a dozen or sixteen men you don't have time for anything but keeping abreast of what's going on." The ex-chairman's old agency now has twenty vice presidents. And, as he says, "That's small time today." Cunningham and Walsh has fifty vice presidents; Foote, Cone & Belding has sixty-nine; McCann-Erickson has 122; J. Walter Thompson has 132. "Now any old client can have a vice president to talk to. It impresses them. But I can't understand why. It's about as hard to talk to an advertising agency vice president as it is to talk to a cabby."

In manufacturing industry, as in advertising, there has also been a jungle-like growth of both committees and committee chairmanships. Chairman of the plans committee, chairman of the finance committee, chairman of the executive committee are all common titles. The former agency leader has something to say about them, too: "It gets utterly baffling to find out who is really a top man and who is just an old flunky who graduated from Princeton in '28, like the boss."

STATUS INFLATION goes twelve echelons deep — from topmost executive all the way to the lowest hourly worker. There is a thick undergrowth of high-sounding titles that begins when the worker becomes the "employee," when the janitor becomes the "sanitor," and when the soap salesman becomes the "district representative."

The clerk-typist has also vanished. Now she is at least a "secretary," and probably is a "Gal Friday." As one might expect, the British stick closer to our common literary roots. In a recent number of the *New Statesman* in the "Appointments Wanted" column, a woman advertised her services as a "Woman Friday." Beachcombing was not her object.

IBM has staged a rhetorical breakthrough of its own. It has found a stunning new title for a low-echelon post in its advertising apparatus. The new man is a "Creative Administrator," which, on the face of it, is made of two mutually exclusive words.

With the growth of such new titles, and with the unquestioned improvement in job security that Americans now enjoy, it is not remarkable that droll inefficiency, which sometimes borders on hopeless muddle, characterizes a large part of industry today.

The president of a medium-sized Midwestern steel fabricating firm, for example, called up a manage-

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ment consultant in 1958 with great agitation in his voice. "Send us someone—quick. We've got a tremendous bottleneck here . . . we can't seem to get anything out on schedule." The management consultant came. But he stayed only a few weeks. He had found the bottleneck. It was the president himself.

In such a case, that's where the inquiry stops. But if the bottleneck had been a senior vice president, the president could have availed himself of any number of possible remedies, the most unlikely of which would be to fire the deadhead. According to management experts, of every ten top executives, two are top-notch men — aggressive and alert. Six are satisfactory — good but not spectacular. The two remaining are utter misfits.

Should such an incompetent at last arouse the ire of the president, the boss is likely to force an early retirement — if the deadbeat is anywhere near retirement age. And, as a large West Coast corporation likes to do, the announcement of the retirement might be made in these terms: "Harry K————, regional vice president for the Northwest, has announced his intention to retire November 15, to fulfill a long-cherished ambition to go prawn fishing in Oceania." *The Wall Street Journal* reported that a Connecticut company created the title "fiscal secretary" for an aging treasurer; that a chemical company assigned a branch manager to write a company history; and a "veteran official of a big transportation company was placed in charge of 'rules and methods.'"

Dun's Review, at about the same time, discovered that "small and medium-size companies . . . tend to face up to the problem most directly. They'll put a man on notice and let him go if he doesn't measure up. Large companies, on the other hand, are likely to evolve elaborate camouflage techniques and go to great extremes to keep a man on. . . . Despite the tough-sounding pronouncements they may put out for public consumption, most executives are softies when it comes to a situation in their own offices."

In the meantime, *Fortune* reported that "high office takes high polish these days, and nice guys *do* finish first. As any old timer competent to testify will tell you, sometimes nostalgically, business manners in the U.S. are vastly better than they used to be. . . . As far as corporate life is concerned, businessmen seem to have developed the capacity to disagree as pleasantly as they agree. . . ." The article went on to note that "there is a certain fascination in the formalities preceding the deal, and it does often seem that the ritual is enjoyed for itself." And in these happy, polite, easy days, "few executives . . . ever give much thought to the cost of acting out these rituals."

Perhaps there is no better way to measure the new inflation-status *Zeitgeist* than to behold the printed matter on which the big businessman thrives: publications such as *Fortune, Business Week, Dun's Review* and, of course, *The Wall Street Journal*. *Fortune's* formula makes business sound like an idle gambol on the Big Rock Candy Mountain. *Business Week's* pattern makes of business a series of cryptic charts, graphs and subtle rapprochements. *Dun's Review* evokes an endless buzz of stolidly groping committees. And *The Wall Street Journal* hints that the festivities could reach an appropriate peak if only the federal goon squad in Washington would evaporate. About two degrees south of the Big Rock Candy Mountain (toward the charts, graphs and rapprochements) lies reality.

It is softer, more tolerant and more expansive reality than ever before. If one didn't know better, he would almost be tempted to charge the neo-Deweyists with mass infiltration. As in school, so in business: everyone plays, everyone gets a prize. At any rate, that's the way it seems. Meanwhile, the executive grows in stature and in favor, but wisdom-wise (or wise-wise, if you will), he seems to be progressing backward at Mach 10.

TWILIGHT FOR TRUJILLO . . *by Stanley Meisler*

THE UNITED STATES hovers over the Dominican Republic these days, waiting eagerly for a reward. The reasoning is simple: Everyone sees that the regime of Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina is tottering; everyone knows the State Department nudged it a bit; surely, after the crash, the new regime will embrace the nudger.

But, in the chaos and anger that will follow the fall, there will be no embrace. The sudden anti-Trujillo policy of the United States and the dramatic condemnation of the Dominican Republic by the Organization of American States (OAS) at San Jose have come too late to avert what State Department planners fear most: an anti-American, Castro-leaning successor to Trujillo. For thirty years, the United States has bolstered the brutal tyranny of *El Benefactor*. Now that his enemies have him on the run, the United States has jumped to their side. For the final push, this new aid may be accepted and used; but the United States will receive in return only a few cold stares, a polite nod, contempt, smoldering bitterness.

However, there are degrees of bitterness and contempt, and the exact character of the post-Trujillo regime will depend on the forces used to overthrow the Generalissimo. Some signs indicate that the new regime may not be as bitter or as loud as the

STANLEY MEISLER is a wire service newsman now stationed in Washington.

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Castro regime, though there is no doubt that it will be revolutionary. The sixty-nine-year-old Trujillo, who has changed the map of the country by renaming mountains, lakes, cities and streets in his honor, is too egotistical to relinquish power voluntarily. And, in the atmosphere of the Trujillo era, elections would serve only as a device to perpetuate his power. They would be meaningless without educating the people for democracy, without freeing the channels of the press and radio, without calming the fear that suffocates those who oppose him. Since no one trusts Trujillo to accept these conditions, no one believes that a new regime could succeed the tyrant by orderly process. Either an invasion or a rebellion will bring the era of Trujillo to a close, and this despite the fact that both have been tried and both have failed in the past.

IN JUNE, 1959, a band of 200 Dominican exiles and sympathizers, trained as guerrillas in Cuba and fired by the example of Fidel Castro, invaded the Dominican Republic. All were quickly wiped out. The docile capital of Ciudad Trujillo remained docile as the army and the peasants on the coast picked off the invaders one by one. Trujillo merely had to promise a bounty for each body to crush the invasion.

I discussed the futile attempt recently with an exile in San Juan, Puerto Rico. A nervously loud twenty-six-year-old, he had been trained in Cuba and assigned to join the second wave of invaders. But the second wave, informed of the destruction of the first, never left Cuba. Undaunted, the exile still saw Castro's way as the only way to overthrow Trujillo.

He admitted two major obstacles: few guns, little unity. One source of armaments dried up last year when the Castro government reversed its policy of encouraging invasions of unfriendly neighbors. And the exiles, scattered in Caracas, Havana, San Juan, Miami and New York, have splintered into countless talkative political organizations. "I could spend all afternoon just listing the names of Dominican groups in exile," said the young exile.

But more than guns and unity will be needed for a successful invasion. When the exiles sailed into the Dominican Republic, no one in Ciudad Trujillo rose to join them. Perhaps if a small band infiltrated and organized in the mountains, it might slowly attract support and fervor as Castro did in the Sierra Maestra. But a direct assault on the coast would have little chance of success unless the underground rose at the same time.

THE underground may be the key to the riddle of the Dominican Republic's future. It evidently counts middle-class businessmen, industrialists, professionals and intellectuals as its core. Close relatives of government officials and army officers are included. Last January, the underground was three days away from its scheduled assassination of Trujillo when the secret police began the arrests that ended the rebellion.

The government said it arrested 220 plotters, but other sources claim thousands were jailed. Whatever the number, it is believed that two-thirds of the movement escaped detection. "And they are better organized now than they ever have been," a close observer of Dominican political activity reported to me in Ciudad Trujillo.

Events since January have tended to solidify the ranks of the underground.

First of all, the arrests and brutal treatment of the plotters and respected middle-class men and women aroused the Catholic Church; the six bishops of the Dominican Republic quickly issued a pastoral letter deploring the regime's refusal to respect human rights. While the Church has quieted its anger in recent months, its publicized opposition to the excesses of the regime has tended to make underground activity more palatable to the middle class. Second, the economy, weighted by heavy arms purchases and tangled trade relations, has plunged into a depression that frightens many businessmen around Trujillo. They are rushing into the underground in the hope of saving their fortunes. With its ranks swelling, the movement may be ready soon to attempt another assassination. Unless Trujillo flees, it probably will succeed.

Trujillo would surely face invasion or rebellion today even if the OAS, bolstered by the change in State Department policy, had not condemned him and ordered the breaking of diplomatic relations. Nevertheless, the action at San Jose was not useless; it has quickened events. Trujillo's immediate reaction was to screw down his clamp on criticism, a move that enrages the intellectuals. The experience of the Dominican Popular Movement (MPD) illustrates the effect of the OAS on Trujillo.

In June, as part of a program to convince the world that the Dominican Republic practiced democracy, the Trujillo regime promised a free hand to its opposition. Two exiles in Cuba, Máximo Antonio López Molina and Andrés Ramos Peguero, took the government at its word and returned to Ciudad Trujillo, brandishing an anti-Trujillo manifesto and waving a flag that cried, "Liberty or Death." They organized the MPD. The government-controlled press welcomed the movement with so many banner headlines that some Dominicans suspected the pair were Trujillo plants. But evidence mounted to prove them genuine.

I INTERVIEWED López and Ramos a few days after the OAS condemned Trujillo. They and other followers huddled on the dusty, rotting top floor of a small building in a bustling business district. Sentinels, wearing dirty shirts, baggy pants, and shoes without socks or laces, clutched spears fashioned from an old iron gate and guarded the door, the windows, the side balconies and the roof. I had to step past an arsenal of lead pipes to find the two leaders.

Since the action at San Jose, their lot had grown hard. The newspapers had ceased mentioning the movement. The government had confiscated their only car. As a precaution, López and Ramos had decided to stop recruiting new members; now they expected an attack by the government at any time. There had been government attacks before, with paid civilians clubbing MPD members and tearing up the head-

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"Wait till I put in padding."

quarters. In this way, Trujillo tried to show that it was the angry, loyal populace, not his police, who would not tolerate opposition to *El Benefactor*. Nevertheless, López and Ramos professed optimism. Ramos picked up a lead pipe. "We will win through the truth and this," he said. López nodded.

Five days later, a mob of 300 Trujillistas, armed with sticks, stones, clubs and knives, attacked the MPD. Police looked on as they sacked the headquarters and clubbed twenty-two MPD supporters into the hospital. The government press called it, "the people's justice," and the MPD leaders were thrown into jail. Trujillo no longer felt it useful to show the world that he tolerated an opposition. His action, however, has tended to harden the opposition.

THE OAS has also affected Dominican stability by instilling more fear and panic into the country's businessmen. Actually, the San Jose resolution imposes no sanction on Dominican trade. The suspension of trade in arms is meaningless since the United States, the chief source of Dominican arms in the Western Hemisphere, imposed an arms embargo on the Caribbean more than two years ago. But the resolution gives the OAS council the power to "study the feasibility and desirability of extending the suspension of trade with the Dominican Republic to other articles."

The Dominican economy has sagged since the ascension of Castro in Cuba. A fearful Trujillo spent $88,000,000 on armaments last year — more than half the national budget — and an austerity program came in the wake of the purchases. Then the world prices dropped for sugar, coffee and cocoa, the Republic's chief exports. And, in the last few months, Venezuela has succeeded in blocking shipments of vital oil from Curaçao, Aruba and her own refineries to the Dominican Republic. Any further entrenchment of the economy, besides recruiting more businessmen into the underground, might send the unemployed masses, until now loyal to Trujillo, into the streets.

IF TRUJILLO falls soon, as almost all observers in Ciudad Trujillo assume he will, what will be the attitude of the new regime toward the United States? "It will be Dominican," one exile told me, "not pro-American or anti-American." Then he proceeded to offer a long list of grievances against the United States, the same list presented by almost all anti-Trujillistas. Foremost is the occupation of the country by the U.S. Marines from 1916 to 1924. Dominicans, justifiably or not, invariably describe this experience as harsh and cruel and reeking with rape and plunder. Furthermore, Dominicans do not forget that Trujillo is a product of that occupation. The Marines trained the future dictator and when they left the country he was assistant commander of the national police. Nor do they forget that the United States has actively embraced and bolstered the tyrant for almost the entire thirty years of his reign.

The present sudden change of U.S. policy is largely discounted by the Dominicans; they assume that the State Department went along with the San Jose resolution, not so much to topple Trujillo as to have a precedent for attacking Castro in the future.

With these grievances, no successor to Trujillo — even if he is "Dominican, not pro-American or anti-American"—is apt to be a warm friend of the United States. But circumstances could temper bitterness. For one thing, unlike pre-revolutionary Havana, Ciudad Trujillo does not look like Middletown, U.S.A., with every shop and enterprise bearing an American label. The Dominican Republic is a satrapy of Trujillo, not of American capitalism. The American image may also be improved by an ironic twist in Trujillo policy. The former self-styled defender of the Western Hemisphere against communism has decided to let Radio Caribe, a Dominican network, purchase news dispatches from the Russian agency, Tass, so that "the Dominican people will receive true information not influenced by the pressure of Yankee imperialism." This new unleashing of venom against the United States may convince some anti-Trujillistas that Yankees can't be all bad. In addition, the upper middle class, if it controls the revolution, may stifle its bitterness and look to the United States to stabilize the new regime with economic and moral support.

BUT there is no certainty that the upper middle class, even if backed by the army, will control the revolution. Some students of Dominican politics predict ten years of chaos. Out of this chaos, a government closely allied to Cuba probably would emerge. But another strong man or an OAS-supervised government also might result.

Chaos in the Dominican Republic would enflame the entire Caribbean. In Haiti, underground opponents of another American-supported tyrant, President Francois Duvalier, want to mount an invasion of Haiti from the adjoining Dominican Republic once Trujillo falls. Duvalier might call on the United States for aid, while Castro might rush help to the rebels. The State Department would find all its props under Caribbean dictators fallen and the islands, like the Belgian Congo, in dangerous turmoil.

In any case, the Dominican Republic is about to enter a new era, perhaps crackling with chaos, perhaps teeming with anti-Americanism. But the era will not be sullied by Trujillo. And that, for the Dominican Republic, will in the long run outweigh any chaos.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The White House and the Reins of Power

THE POLITICS OF UPHEAVAL. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin Co. 749 pp. $6.95.

George Dangerfield

THE NEW DEAL was irretrievably pragmatic. It has been described (by Carl N. Degler) as a "congeries of contradictions, naïveté, humanitarianism, *realistic politics, and economic horse* sense": which is to say that it defies description. One should add that, since we have not yet produced that welfare state which it so valiantly attempted to bequeath to us, it is still alive. Eight years of Republican administration have *not* exorcised — have *not* seriously attempted to exorcise — its powerful, enigmatic and admonishing spirit. Nor has the Democratic Party ceased to resemble a leaderless party in search of a Roosevelt.

Mr. Schlesinger's discursive approach to the past of this living entity is not calculated to make that past much less confusing. Probably no living historian is more competent than he to deploy the *dramatis personae* of an era of profound and lasting change. Certainly no historian has his quite astounding gift for mingling analytical with narrative history. But the mixture, while it is vivid and exhilarating, is more apt to intoxicate than to satisfy. Judging by the three volumes he has now presented to us, we can say with some confidence that he has embarked upon a major adventure; but that, like every major adventure, it will have to be done all over again. Perhaps when the world is at peace, should the world ever be at peace, we can look back on the New Deal with the clarity which comes from no longer having to live with it.

In the meantime, here is Schlesinger's impressive and tumultuous work in progress. *The Politics of Upheaval*, covering the years 1935-1936, is altogether too multiform to be handled in a single review. The best one can do is to attempt to extract from it what would appear to be its two main themes.

The first theme—which is central to our times and (if the future is calculable, which I doubt) to our calculable future —is the grand theme of Presidential initiative. Without exactly indulging in Presidential cultus, one can say that the New Deal is the most exciting example in all our history of the axiom that (the words are Harold Laski's) "the initiative of the president is the keystone of the whole arch of the federal structure." The book opens with the President in the uncharacteristic position, for Roosevelt, of being unable or unwilling to exercise initiative. The NRA and the AAA were grinding to a halt: the first was controlled by the manufacturers, the second by the processors. The President, lost among his advisers, was helpless and voiceless. As if in response there arose—or became more audible—an extraordinary clamor of dissent from the Right and from the Left, which Schlesinger describes with strength and brilliance.

NOTHING illustrates the nature of the New Deal so well as the fact that it was more influenced by the demagogues of the Right than by the radicals of the Left. The radicals of the Left, in whatever part of the ideological spectrum they could be placed, were too doctrinaire for the New Deal's pragmatic mind. The demagogues of the Right—Coughlin, Huey Long and that White Knight, mild and mad, Dr. Townsend—appealed, as Schlesinger demonstrates, to the *old largely self-employed* lower middle class, which had been robbed of respectability and hope (that is, of status) by the Great Depression. The voice of the demagogues, always wild and often wicked, was none the less the authentic utterance of despair; and organized despair, in times of crisis, has its effect upon a sensitive government. There is a possible connection between Huey Long's Share-the-Wealth and Roosevelt's attempt to use taxation as a social instrument; and it is certainly true that the Townsend movement hastened (though it did not initiate) the New Deal's social security program.

What really galvanized the Presidential nerve, however, was the Supreme Court's unanimous action in striking down NRA in *Schechter Poultry Corporation v. U.S.*, the famous "sick chicken" case of May, 1935. NRA was really an incubus; relieved of its weight, the President scored a remarkable legislative success in the summer of 1935. But the troglodyte (or Adullamite) majority in the Supreme Court came back with a series of sweeping decisions which were apparently designed to abolish the twentieth century in favor of the nineteenth, and to paralyze anything that resembled progressive action on the federal or state level. Roosevelt replied with a thrilling, an extraordinary triumph in the landslide election of 1936; and with the words that have never been forgotten — "We have just begun to fight."

The action of the Supreme Court, which its liberal minority regarded as the most disastrous in the Court's history, might almost be said to have been predicated on the belief that Roosevelt's resilience in the summer of 1935 was not significant. The majority of the Supreme Court, in other words, by setting up a negative government of its own in the fall and winter of 1935-1936, conveniently symbolizes yet another axiom: that when the President fails to exercise initiative, he leaves a gap which nothing can fill but which somebody or something will always try to fill.

ACTUALLY, the President had begun to *fill the gap, not merely with his* legislative program of the summer, but also with the manner in which that program was written. This subtly undermined the majority in the Supreme Court. The Holding Company Act of August, 1935, for example, was a more complicated piece of legislation than the National Recovery Act of 1933, but it was a masterpiece of the lawyer's art. It impressed the reactionary justices as law, whereas the National Recovery Act seemed to them to be mere exhortation. If the New Deal's laws continued to be drawn up in this new manner, which "thought through every point with technical punctiliousness and always showed a meticulous regard for legal continuities," then the Court, however out of date its majority might be, would not be able to invalidate the New Deal's program. And there is enough evidence to suggest that, before Roosevelt's "court-packing" scheme startled the nation and perhaps the Court, this was actually taking place.

The change of style in legislation meant a change from the legal rhetoric of Donald Richberg, for example, to the

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GEORGE DANGERFIELD is the author of Chancellor Robert R. Livingston of New York, *to be published by Harcourt, Brace this month. His previous work,* The Era of Good Feelings, *won the Pulitzer Prize in History.*

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legal craftsmanship of Benjamin Cohen. This leads to the second main theme of *The Politics of Upheaval*: the passing of the First and the institution of the Second New Deal. The First New Deal perished in the ruins of NRA and AAA (the latter's processing tax and productions controls were declared unconstitutional in *U.S. v. Butler* of January, 1936). Its leading figures were Richberg himself, Raymond Moley, Adolf Berle, Hugh Johnson and Rexford Tugwell. The leading figures in the Second New Deal were Felix Frankfurter, Benjamin Cohen, Thomas Corcoran, Marriner Eccles, James Landis, Lauchlin Currie. Schlesinger calls them the Neo-Brandeisians, which is as it may be: "neo" is often the prefix to a nonce-word. Like the leaders of the First New Deal, they did not agree among themselves: Roosevelt thrived upon disagreement. But they had enough in common for Schlesinger to suggest that their thinking bore some vestigial resemblance to that of Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom.

The First New Deal had become a sort of gigantic but frozen Progressivism —a huge glacier, moving with intolerable slowness toward an unattainable objective. It could be derived from the New Nationalism of Theodore Roosevelt; it offered America a planned organic Bigness, in terms of a happy association between Government, Business and Labor. "We have turned our back on competition," Tugwell wrote in 1934, "and have chosen control." The Second New Deal, however, believed that in a controlled capitalism, capitalism was bound to seize the machinery of control.

No doubt all references to New Nationalism or New Freedom are to some extent verbal only. The New Nationalism might perhaps have seen some frantic likeness to itself in the First New Deal: the sort of likeness which a small man might observe in some tall distorting mirror. The New Freedom, a grand and abortive effort to restore competition by destroying Bigness, would have recoiled from the Second New Deal in fastidious disgust. The Second New Deal, in its political language, paid a generous lip service to the New Freedom; but it really made no attempt to reduce Bigness to fragments: the result would have been horrid. What it did was to accept Bigness, but try to make it efficient by reviving competition within a framework of strict social ground rules. "The First New Deal," Schlesinger writes, "characteristically told business what it must do. The Second New Deal characteristically told business what it must *not* do." Its emphasis was less upon reform, and more upon recovery. It was, in effect, the announcement of a conservative revolution—an effort to save capitalism from itself.

Here *The Politics of Upheaval* leaves it. As for Presidential initiative, Roosevelt is left in full command—riding, with an extraordinary dexterity, the winds of council he himself had whistled up. In his way, he personified them: the Roosevelt-haters, now vocal in the land, recoiled from him as invalids recoil from a strong east wind. It is not perhaps necessary for a great President to be a man of profound or brilliant or far-reaching intellect: but it is a sign of a great President that he attracts brilliant intellects and welcomes them and knows how to make them work for him. As for the Second New Deal, we shall presumably discover in the next volume, or rather in the volume after the next, how the "mixed economy," which Schlesinger praises and which was the New Deal's legacy to us, was underwritten by war, as it now is by defense. This was not the case with the years 1935-1936 which, for all their vitality and pertinence, mark an end as well as a beginning. For Roosevelt, in his second Inaugural of 1937, which was their culmination, made no mention of foreign affairs. He had not yet been obliged to admit that our way of life was becoming internationalized. *The Politics of Upheaval* deals with a period in which we were still looking for salvation within an isolationist setting. In that respect, it is a discourse upon an antique world.

A Unified Theory of Malaise

GROWING UP ABSURD. By Paul Goodman. Random House. 296 pp. $4.50.

OUR VISIT TO NIAGARA. By Paul Goodman. Horizon Press. 252 pp. $3.95.

Webster Schott

TIME AND AGAIN, while reading Paul Goodman, memory kept playing back Ernest Jones's remark about the genius of Sigmund Freud. It led, said Dr. Jones, "to looking at mankind in an essentially new way, although what he discovered was not in itself so very new."

So it is with Goodman. *Growing Up Absurd* is nothing less than the first full-length statement of a unified theory of the malaise of contemporary United States society. It relates such seemingly unrelated phenomena as the organization man and the juvenile delinquent; the waste of human resources and the disappearance of patriotism; the fix, boondoggle and legal swindle and the dehumanization or destruction of the community; the wholesale disaffiliation of sensitive youth and the compromised revolutions of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. To read the evening newspaper, switch on the television set, or go to work tomorrow morning is to know exactly what *Growing Up Absurd* is about. But to lend Mr. Goodman your mind is to commit yourself to never seeing life in the same way again.

Mr. Goodman is terrifying. Utopians usually are when we take them (or they take themselves) seriously. And Goodman is all the more terrifying because he is a rational Utopian who has most of the analytical apparatus and theoretical formulations of modern sociology, psychology, historiography and aesthetics at his finger tips. His documented, relentlessly pressed argument that "the accumulation of the missed and compromised revolutions of modern times, with their consequent ambiguities and social imbalances has fallen, and must fall, most heavily on the young," making it impossible for the young to mature into responsible, socially constructive adults, is the most alarming —

WEBSTER SCHOTT reviews regularly for the Kansas City Star, *St. Louis* Post-Dispatch, *Louisville* Courier-Journal *and* The Christian Science Monitor. *He is the editor of* Poetry for Pleasure, *which Doubleday publishes this month.*

Pedigrees

Considering the Conqueror's
Fish-eyed, rabbit-chinned
Progeny, chests and brains aped from
the pigeon,

The Mayflower's spreading heritage
Of turkey wattles,
Crowned heads correct above skins of
weasels,

The scions of robber barons
(Only too often
Rats constructed around livers of hens)

Those sports half hog, half horse,
The wallowing gentry,
Dowager ducks, titled ungulates,

What bestiality can we call our own,
We the ordinary
Descendants of Nobody?

W. S. MERWIN

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and the most comprehensible and well-reasoned — account to date of what has happened to our youth since the depression.

The more one contemplates Goodman's field theory of American culture in the mid-twentieth century, the more widely relevant and valid it becomes. Certainly an elementary reason why Soviet hegemony, social as well as economic, is spreading faster than we can calculate is because there is national as well as personal meaning to the Soviet worker's job. There is a profound relationship between the lost goals of syndicalism and equalitarianism and the disastrous course of events for the United States in Cuba. There is even a connection between Goodman's concept of the pre-structured society — in which the young are either held immobile or driven completely out — and the logical absurdities of the New Theology, which has so rigidly structured its archaic terms that its ambiguous theories cannot deal with modern experience and consequently drive men either back to fundamentalism or completely out of any religious movement.

Must we go back to the beginning? Back all the way to the lost revolutions to give the young a society that makes sense, to put wealth to real use, to have meaning and honor in work, to create a high standard of living we are not ashamed of, to bring social justice to those who have been shamefully left out, to prevent the frauds of advertising and public relations, to find love which matches the urgency of sex? The terror I find in Mr. Goodman is that he is not only right about our social illness, but also right to demand an impossible renascence of idealism and primitive common sense as the best and perhaps only hope for my children.

FORTUNATELY (he would be unbearable otherwise), Mr. Goodman is slightly schizoid like the rest of us. When we reread the less impassioned paragraphs of *Growing Up Absurd* in the light of his American stories and community pieces in *Our Visit to Niagara*, his drive seems to be not a lust for the impossible but a plea for the detecting and selecting of alternatives that are humanly constructive. "Useful" is a word that turns up repeatedly in these stories. The point of "A Senior Concert" is learning to find the truth and to live with it. The heart of "Jeremy Owen," one of the finest pieces of short fiction Paul Goodman has ever written, is: "Foster excellence. Approve of it, even if it hurts, and give it chances to be used." The motive behind "Bathers at Westover Pond" is the exaltation of motive:

> She's alive there because there wasn't a sufficient reason for her to die, it wasn't worth it. That's it. That's it. It takes a stronger justification to die — more shame than that! or failure of duty! or such happiness lost that it's not worth living on again. *Where* do you have it? Where do you *see* it in this country?

Whether or not in our twentieth-century infirmary we are prepared for them, the laws of nature will give us our revolutionary sports, and the laws of thermodynamics will give them effect. Whether or not Paul Goodman's vision of new possibilities for the good life in the United States will prevail is important; but the activist Utopian mood of Goodman — demanding that we seek solutions by viewing all of our experience as if it *were* new and subject to our will — is infinitely more important. It commits us to the future. It requires that we *continue* history at a time when the scholastic pack of our social critics counsels resignation to history.

One Touch of Genius

KILVERT'S DIARY: Selections from the Diary of the Rev. Francis Kilvert, 1870 to 1879. Edited by William Plomer. Macmillan. 3 Vols. 1305 pp. $20.

Kenneth Rexroth

THE old unhappy far-off things that move us most are those that happened just a little while ago. Kenneth Alsop, the bright young fellow of the *Daily Mail* and the *Spectator* knows everything about the American twenties. He dumfounded me one night by giving a day-by-day account of the Starr Faithful case. Me, too, I'm susceptible to the British late nineteenth century and the Edwardian epoch, though not in exactly the way John Betjeman is. My favorite town in all Britain is Ludlow, where, when the bells of St. Lawrence sprinkle their hours on the town, you can almost see A. E. Housman being hung in the market square. Few books have given me greater pleasure than *Windmills and Millwrighting* by Stanley Freese, all about the last few of those engines in Britain and full of words like spattle, sponds, stives, talthur, twibill, uplongs, temse, pintle, quant, sackboy, rhynd, jogscry, brayer. It's a lovely book.

Francis Kilvert was a country curate, mostly in Radnorshire and Wiltshire. His attitudes and opinions were commonplace, his style was modest except in a few set passages of description, his life was uneventful. Yet he is one of the great diarists. Partly it is that he is perfectly typical — but all sorts of too, too, typical people have kept diaries. Kilvert was unusual in just those qualities that make for a good diarist and in no others. He was completely accessible to his own experience. He was exceptionally sensitive — neurologically, not metaphorically as the term is used: he had fine, acute nerves and knew how to interpret their information. The art of interpreting your nerves is, I guess, what is best called sensibility. Open eyes, sympathy and an intelligent heart — what more do you want of a human being?

One of the characteristics of the people of Wales and the West is that they have a special genius for their own kind of dignified intimacy. Belloc said they had the wisdom of the rocks and the oldest kind of song. There is this in Kilvert's words — not the slightly sick intimacy of Richard Jeffries, but an elusive, masculine quality that seems to be going from the world. He must have been a wonderful friend, more precious than rubies.

The beautiful countryside, one of the most idyllic on earth, the brightly focused people, almost all of them good, and comic and tragic—and that special thing that makes the Victorians so strange to us, an ease and confidence in their position at the center of history—could you ask more of a bedside book? *How lovely to grow drowsy amongst high woods overlooking the colored counties, meeting milkmaids and munching wind-blown apples.*

There is almost no American literature of low life that is convincing, although, God knows, there is plenty that isn't. We are too puritanical a people to write gently of whores and cannon-girls, and dips and yeggs and burley queens. Sinners excite us. We don't seem to do very well with the good people and the good life either. Almost no authors whom the intellectuals take seriously believe that such exist. Whom do we have? I suppose we could say that Kilvert was a lesser artist by far, but a sweeter, mellower, prose William Carlos Williams. We need somebody like that, badly. Since we can't produce him, we have to import him, across the sea, from another time.

KENNETH REXROTH, a frequent Nation *contributor, is the author of* Bird in the Bush (*New Directions*).

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Refugees in Time: The Goncourts

THE GONCOURT BROTHERS. By André Billy. Translated by Margaret Shaw. Horizon Press. 352 pp. $6.50.

THE GONCOURT JOURNALS. Lewis Galantière, editor and translator. Doubleday. 377 pp. $1.25, paper.

Mina Curtiss

IN THE history of literature the Goncourts are not great figures. But as influences in their time they were important. Their novel, *Germinie Lacerteux*, drew praise from Zola and was, indeed, one of the first and most influential of the Naturalist novels. They revived an interest in the eighteenth century by their biographical and critical works. Before anyone else they introduced the cult for Japanese art which so strongly influenced the Impressionists. But, as Monsieur Billy says,

> They were refugees in time, misanthropists, misogynists, melancholy, bored, disgusted, out of their element in their own century, irascible, arrogant and highly-strung, pleased with themselves and dissatisfied with others, proud of their own aristocratic temperaments and their acute sensibility, embittered by the obtuseness of critics and the public, sceptics in regard to all political and religious dogmas, if not deliberate atheists or materialists, artists living only for art, ambitious for success while despising it, in short unadapted to happiness, they were above all neurasthenics.

Yet they did succeed in living up to their ideal of the highest type of "honest man of letters, steadfast in his convictions and contemptuous of money."

This cut and bowdlerized, incompetently edited, hack-translated version of André Billy's biography, *The Goncourt Brothers*, is likely to enrage specialists and bore the general reader. André Billy, novelist, journalist, biographer of Sainte-Beuve, Diderot and Balzac, member of the Goncourt Academy, is an authority on the Goncourts, having supervised the editing of their recently published *Journal*, complete in twenty-two volumes. Although the publisher's blurb tells us that "These have yet to appear in their monumental entirety; meanwhile Monsieur Billy's study can be regarded as the Goncourts' definitive biography," this very biography serves as introduction to that exhaustive compendium of gossip, anecdotes and opinions which offers the most vivid, if not the most reliable social history of the Second Empire and the early Third Republic.

Both the Goncourt brothers and André Billy deserved better of their English publishers. (The American edition is produced from sheets brought from England.) The hundred or more pages cut from the French edition, or summarized, make such inroads on M. Billy's basic structure, omit so many of the comments which gave unity and liveliness to his book that the resulting volume is full of *non sequiturs* and frequently unintelligible. It costs $6.50.

FOR $1.25 there is available a paperback volume of *The Goncourt Journals: 1851-1870*, brilliantly edited, translated and with an introduction by Lewis Galantière. This edition also includes ninety pages of witty and illuminating biographical notes on most of the now-forgotten people who figure in the text. The general reader who is interested in the subject will find himself both instructed and delighted by this selection from the journals, which has only one flaw. Certain statements made in the original 1937 edition have not been changed and are now anachronistic.

MINA CURTISS is the author of Bizet and His World (*Knopf*). *She is working on a biography of Edouard Manet.*

Immune from Fevers

THE BURDEN OF SOUTHERN HISTORY. By C. Vann Woodward. Louisiana State University Press. 191 pp. $3.50.

George Mayberry

THESE EIGHT essays, written since the publication of *Origins of the New South* in 1952, "contribute to an understanding of the collective experience [of the United States] and the distinctive character of the South." A deeply rooted Southerner, Woodward is also an American democrat and of the company of men who "have established some measure of immunity from the fevers and prejudices of their own times, particularly of those bred of nationalism, with its myths and pretensions, and those born of hysteria that closes the mind to new ideas of all kinds."

That statement was part of the tall order for the historian that Woodward delivered in 1953 in his presidential address before the Southern Historical Association, and for the most part he has handsomely measured up to it in these

Detailed—and Damning

THE SERVANTS OF POWER: *A History of the Use of Social Science in American Industry*

By LOREN BARITZ

An objective examination of how and why business tycoons have made increasing use of social science techniques for the purpose of controlling labor—and how the social scientists, by and large, have willingly dedicated their talents to the service of corporate power. Based on all published sources, buttressed by the private papers of many industrial firms and by interviews with leaders of business, labor, and the social sciences themselves. A revealing and important study. $4.50

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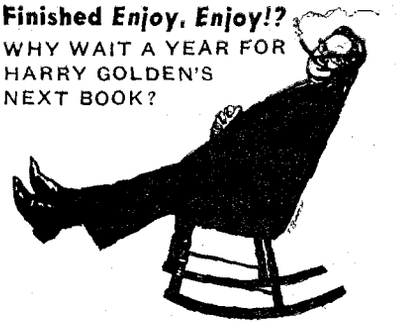
WHY WAIT A YEAR FOR HARRY GOLDEN'S NEXT BOOK?



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essays. Happily, the most parochial of the pieces is the earliest chronologically —"John Brown's Private War," based on a lecture delivered (lightly one hopes) in Vermont. It is the fairest Southern appraisal I know of the madman and the myth, but it is too much of a Richmond attorney's brief to belong with the rest of these essays. It is refreshing to turn from it to "The Populist Heritage and the Intellectuals," with its advice to the latter to "resist the impulse to identify all the irrational and evil forces he detests with such movements because some of them, or the aftermath or epigone of some of them, have proved so utterly repulsive. He will learn all he can from the new criticism about the irrational and illiberal side of Populism and other reform movements, but he cannot afford to repudiate the heritage."

EACH of these essays represents the historian in a double role: as recorder and commentator. Thus Woodward duly notes the fact that Lincoln was a segregationist and adds the opinion that the Civil War historian of today should "try to keep in mind the humility that prevented [Lincoln] from ever falling in with the notion that he was the incarnation of the Archangel Michael." But after reviewing the sorry record of "Equality: The Deferred Commitment," Woodward concludes that the time is overdue for the almost forgotten debt to be paid in full. In his necessarily brief review of Reconstruction he contributes to that payment by an admiring judgment of Black Reconstruction; at the same time, to the Negro intellectual of today who tends to look back upon it as "if it were in some ways a sort of Golden Age," he says, "I seriously doubt that it will ever serve satisfactorily as a Golden Age—for anybody. There is too much irony mixed with the tragedy."

Irony and tragedy, indeed, are the touchstones of Woodward's reading of Southern history in relation to the larger national experience. Against the American experience of abundance, success and innocence is set the South's history of poverty, failure and guilt, "a heritage that is far more closely in line with the common lot of mankind. . . . The South once thought of itself as a 'peculiar people,' set apart by its eccentricities, but in many ways modern America better deserves that description." Such generalizations give dimension to the two literary essays in the volume: one on the Southern renaissance of the last thirty years; the other a presentation of Melville's "Clarel," Henry Adams' *Democracy* and James's *The Bostonians* as "Southern Critiques for the Gilded Age." Although his taste and feeling for artistic values set these far above the general historian's usual discussion of literature, Woodward shows a tendency in the latter essay to use literature indiscriminately as documentation without evaluation; most notably he discusses "Clarel" without any suggestion that it is one of the worst poems ever written by a literary genius.

While the book contains a lively and apt quotation from Louis Armstrong and an annotation by Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, there is no other recognition of the Negro's contribution to Southern or, for that matter, American culture. But since Woodward is otherwise eminently fair in his judgment of the Negro, this may be taken as an unintended oversight of the elliptical method of the interpretative essay. He is color blind in the best sense of the term, which is not only a desideratum for a man but an asset for a historian.

GEORGE MAYBERRY is an editor and a social historian. He has written introductions to novels by Theodore Dreiser and Robert Penn Warren, and to an anthology of American prose.

LETTER from LONDON

Tom A. Cullen

HOLLYWOOD sustained the cruelest blow of all on October 5. On that date Elizabeth Taylor, Hollywood's highest paid star, stepped before the cameras for the opening sequence of *Cleopatra*, the $6 million spectacle which 20th Century-Fox is making at Elstree studios, Hertsfordshire, England, which is 6,000 miles from the Sunset Strip. (The original script called for Miss Taylor to step into a bath of asses' milk, but this scene has been postponed "until the cast become better acquainted," the studio explained.) *Cleopatra* is the biggest and most expensive film ever made in the British Isles, and it is being made with British labor. The cameramen, the sound technicians, the hairdressers, the electricians, the extras and the studio carpenters, all are British, as are Miss Taylor's two leading men, Peter Finch and Stephen Boyd.

Old-timers can remember when superspectacles and sunken baths, with or without asses' milk, were Hollywood's specialty. Only Hollywood could build the colossal sets, only Hollywood had the special-effects cameras, the makers of hair lace, the know-how, the golden de Mille touch. But now British technicians have mastered the complexities of Todd-AO, and the famed Hollywood know-how is the property of studios from Warsaw to Athens. Now Hollywood goes to Rome for *Ben Hur*, to Madrid for *King of Kings*, to Athens for *Leonidas, Lion of Sparta* and to Jordan for *Lawrence of Arabia*. Hollywood studios will spend close to $60 million on films made abroad during the coming year; many of them will be made at studios in or near London, with location work on the Continent.

"I make films in England, not because it's cheaper, but because the public demands authentic backgrounds," Spyros Skouras, president of 20th Century-Fox, told a London press conference recently. According to Skouras, movie-goers, and Americans foremost among them, have suddenly become world-minded, take a passionate interest in foreign places and foreign faces. For the 1940 Oscar-winning *How Green Was My Valley*, Fox built a Welsh mining village in Hollywood, but now the public will not be fobbed off with such a simulacrum. For the 20th Century-Fox film version of D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*, the popcorn-eaters were taken right to a Nottingham coal-face, and the extras were recruited from Lawrence's native Eastwood and spoke with authentic Welsh accents. The Egyptian pyramids, the slums of Naples, the bomb rubble of Berlin, and all those Geisha girls — the public cannot get enough of them, according to Skouras.

SOME of Skouras' more cynical colleagues take a different view. Authenticity, they claim, is being used as a smoke screen to conceal the economic advantages of filming abroad. Many of the American films are "runaway" productions in the same sense that the New England textile factories which fled South at the beginning of this century were fugitives from the union scale. Why else, they ask, are British actors, directors

TOM A. CULLEN, who grew up in Long Beach, Calif., within sight of the studio where Mack Sennett comedies were made, is on the London staff of an American news-feature syndicate.

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and technicians being given preference over the native Hollywood product? Why was a film like *Suddenly, Last Summer*, which has a New Orleans locale, made in England? And *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness* — why was a Chinese village complete with mud huts constructed for this film in Wales? And now 20th Century-Fox is planning to convert Swiss playwright Friedrich Duerrenmatt's *The Visit* into a full-blooded Western, to be shot in England, presumably on the wind-swept plains of Dartmoor.

Producers I have talked to estimate that they can save as much as one-third on production costs by filming in England. Studio rentals here are cheaper. So are actors, technicians and studio labor. I doubt, for example, that the combined salaries of Peter Finch and Stephen Boyd for *Cleopatra* would equal one-fifth of the fee Elizabeth Taylor is being paid for this film ($1 million for seven months). Small wonder then that such British actors as Finch, Boyd, Laurence Harvey, Kenneth More, Dirk Bogarde and Peter Sellers are being groomed as international stars to replenish the aging Hollywood stable of the Clark Gables and the Gary Coopers; and that a talented Briton such as Jack Cardiff is upgraded from studio cameraman to director of *Sons and Lovers*.

CHEAPER space and labor are not the only inducements for filming abroad. There is, for example, the Eady Plan, which is a direct subsidy from the British government. By using 80 per cent British studio labor, American producers become eligible for a rebate on box-office receipts when their films are shown here, and this can boost their British takings by as much as 40 per cent. Foreign governments, it seems, cannot do enough to encourage the Hollywood runaways. Recently, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth gave permission to 20th Century-Fox to film the Household Guards in color for a sixty-minute documentary. Spyros Skouras was so tickled with the results that he ordered the documentary expanded into a full-length feature to be titled *The Queen's Guards*. "Thus we are getting a million-dollar picture for half the price," one of his minions boasted to me. When Skouras approached the Greek government for permission to film *Leonidas, Lion of Sparta* (re-titled from *The Battle of Thermopylea*), the Karamanlis government not only offered him 6,000 Greek soldiers for free, but suggested that the troops could make their own costumes.

Another explanation for the sudden rush to film abroad was given to me by writer-producer Carl Foreman, who has such outstanding films as *Champion, High Noon* and *The Men* to his credit. "Hollywood makes fewer films these days, and these are made more and more by independent producers, who simply rent studios and hire actors for the one film," he explained. "This means that actors, writers and producers need no longer live near the film factories. They are free to travel, to see a bit of the world, and jet planes have made this easy."

FOREMAN, himself, has just returned from Rhodes, where he has been filming *The Guns of Navarone*, starring Gregory Peck, David Niven and Anthony Quinn. For this $5 million epic the Greek government opened its arsenal, lending Foreman twelve destroyers, 4,000 Greek troops, tanks, planes, helicopters, howitzers and mortars, as well as generals and admirals as technical advisers. The Greek government is also spending $100,000 to boost tourism in connection with the film's release.

Foreman believes that the Hollywood "break-out" has been a good thing. "The Hollywood actors and producers who work abroad have become more sophisticated, in the good sense of the word," he says. "They have become aware of world problems." On the other hand, he views the eclipse of Hollywood as the world's film capital with mixed feelings, thinks that the federal government should subsidize the American film industry, just as it does other "sick" industries. "Every country in Europe subsidizes its film industry in one form or another," he points out, "and this subsidy extends to co-productions that are made with American finance."

He would like to see foreign producers make films in Hollywood, thus reversing the present trend. He would also like to see a national film school established in America for the training of actors and technicians. "Poland has established such a school, and some of the most exciting films today are coming out of Poland." Foreman concluded with this warning: "Most of our big-name stars and producers are in their middle forties and in their fifties, and they are making films for audiences in their twenties and thirties. Hollywood is still a world symbol, but if it doesn't take steps to revivify itself the center of film gravity will inevitably shift from America to Europe and the Far East."

Fairfield Porter

An exhibition of new paintings by Fairfield Porter is being held at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery, 149 East 72 St., New York, until November 26.

DESIGN

Walter McQuade

This essay is the first of three by Walter McQuade on exhibitions of contemporary design being shown in New York this fall. Later issues will carry his comments on collections from Denmark and from Germany.

ENTERING the Seventh Regiment Armory at Park and 69th Street to see the recent show there, "Decoration and Design: 1961," the visitor passed through an interior of great character in itself—the hooded, evocative stairway and outer hall of the old building. Built in 1880, its varnished wood paneling shuns sunlight and fresh air. The artificial lighting is from clusters of handsome yellow globes suspended in the mellow dimness; these are lit now by electric bulbs, but are probably not much brighter than when they covered the original gas flames. All about you on the walls are regimental souvenirs and such things as war casualty lists of the Knickerbocker Grays, grown up and gone to men's wars. It is a somber, stiff, martial place, but with the respectable charm of old soldiers.

The exhibition in the drill hall of the armory was anything but convincing, however. Even yielding the point that trying to furnish a fake living room or bedroom or office for people to file past in the middle of an armory is a difficult task, the show as a whole struck me as an incitement to the extravagant, empty gesture. Perhaps the situation destroyed the individual; each interiors expert knew he was competing for attention with rooms next to his on either side and across the aisle. The exhibitors all strained toward the spectacular or retreated into coyness: too much lime nubbiness in the chartreuse upholstery, too many birds in the wallpaper — attention, attention, look, gape, grin. In the end, the hard-working decorators actually suggested the cruel image which they despise: a group of semi-profes-

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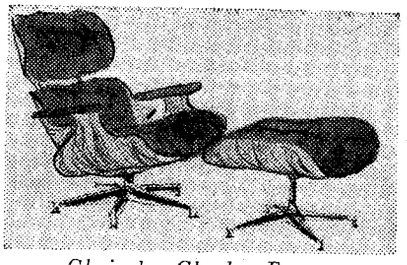
sionals dedicated to commercial frivolity, quaint hat designers.

There are plenty of bad decorators around, but the trade can't be considered a cliché any more. Many of the good ones prefer the designation, interior designer, and earn it. The subtle ones do very humane things with rooms, particularly in the non-perfunctory use of color.

Yet when an architect is told that a decorator has been called in to finish off his building, his usual reaction is a betrayed shudder, and when you consider some of the exhibit rooms up there at the armory, you could easily understand the convulsive reaction. There was, for instance, a bedroom entitled "Arsenic and Old Lace" which featured a valentine-shaped mattress, and was described by its designer as

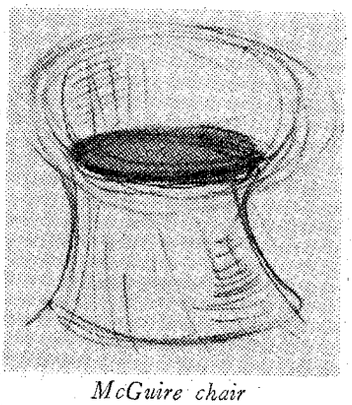
An enchanting bedroom of filmy lace from floor to ceiling with an arsenic green carpeted platform featuring *the pièce de résistance* — a lush lavender heart-shaped bed, sheltered by lavender lace curtains, forming a niche and perfect setting for black and white print grouping on white walls behind bed.



Chair by Charles Eames

The good things in the show had to be unearthed beyond the piles of leopard pillows, African primitive sculptures, transparent plastic chairs, Buddhas, teeny tables and china pugs. Charles Eames's big leather and plywood armchair and footrest stood alone in muscular dignity in one room setting, a hunting dog among pomeranians. The McGuire Company showed some wicker chairs I eyed for next summer — generous woven baskets on stable upside-down basket bases. And the decorators' props frequently were of enticing quality, particularly the old rugs used to garnish a number of the sample rooms, exceptionally nice old orientals. Their exotic, worn beauty wasn't automatic — someone picked them out, someone with a real eye.

One exhibitor whose talent evidently is too driving to leave him much time for cynicism is the fabric designer and merchant, Jack Lenor Larsen. His prints and weaves bring an astonishing new vitality to this hackneyed field. Like all designers in the field, he searches in far lands for "inspiration," but when he settles on something, instead of watering it down or vulgarizing it, he adds real design whammy. Sometimes he does this by enlarging the pattern, sometimes by exploding the color. He can also deliver a very underplayed, quietly beautiful fabric, although even in these you sense his restlessness —he tries to make the quiet colors burn. Some of his things approach the richness of the oriental rugs, in a more theatrical way. He makes his dream world vital, not heart-shaped.



McGuire chair

A Poem, A Distraction

A poem, a distraction, an escape from the narrative.

I say the day is a prison
I say the hours are jailers
(and the merciless minutes).

Toss, toss
On the waves of profit & loss
Die, die
In the valleys of sell & buy.

Is that child a woman, is that woman a child?
Is that love's own bosom, the mild and beneficent Pacific?

Wondrous West, glory of the unknown
Bottomless depository of hope and tomorrow.

Is that love's own bosom, that tumult
And rising, the wild expectancies
Leading to a wilderness of yesterdays?

Hush! there are monsters abroad.
Wall up that man, Edgar!
But far off the silence is eternal
Great birds prey spellbound over the desert —
Sand hollows, ocean pockets.
Far off the silence is eternal
Death in shallow graves
Dreams beyond desire.

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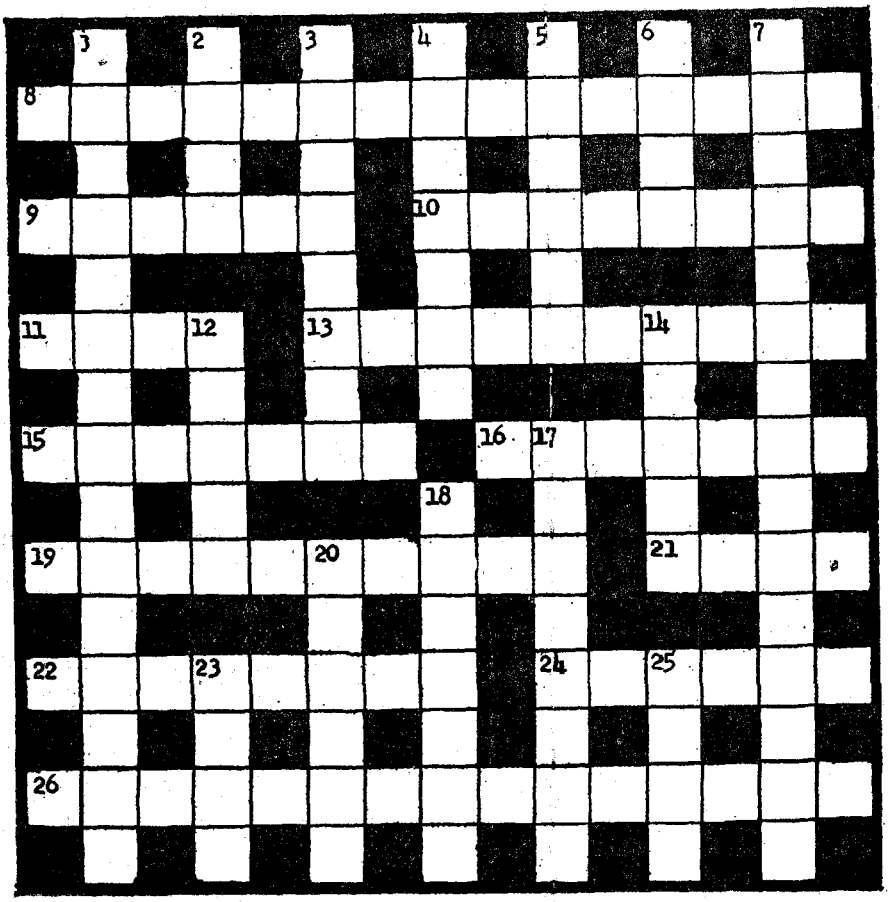
Crossword Puzzle No. 889

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

8 The condition of one paw might be illegal. (9, 6)

9 See 6 down

10 Payments for the filter part on board? (8)

11 and 12 down You might find a suitable arrangement is when two make a fairy tale. (4, 5)

13 Might imply a bad boy to a girl, but it's still required! (10)

15 Their habit patterns should be avoided. (7)

16 Check your profit—you've a good deal here. (7)

19 Havelock Ellis said such activities are not mere national property. (10)

21 To be full of suitable return. (4)

22 Particular places—i.e., the sort you might recognize. (8)

24 To speak once again about the fuel supply? (6)

26 Slang term of approbation, like what might end up in a pickle! (4, 2, 1, 8)

DOWN:

1 Might involve the judgment of brass. (7, 8)

2 One might use some sort of foot measure to do it. (4)

3 O.K. what's on the wine list — it could have been brought back with you from abroad. (8)

4 Gets out of doing something, as those who reputedly pop off! (7)

5 Having a gown in disorder? (6)

6 and 9 across What to do with sad men, if you want to institute compensation. (4, 6)

7 Legal boundary disputes aren't easily classified! (10, 5)

12 See 11 across

14 Drunk, perhaps, in miserly fashion. (5)

17 The goal of one, as an alternative to the presidency? (8)

18 A stray calf, fit to be found in distress. (7)

20 Kipling implied this could be raised in Saudi Arabia. (6)

23 A formation of 22 without an unusual type of fish. (4)

25 How to get information out of a shoe? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 888

ACROSS: 1 Commandos; 6 and 13 down Sharp practices; 9 Rocks; 10 Vouchsafe; 11 Trihedral; 12 Liege; 13 Paged; 15 Endeavors; 18 Assymetry; 19 Typed; 20 Thief; 22 Onslaught; 25 Chalumeau; 26 Awake; 27 Speed; 28 Antidotes. DOWN: 1 Caret; 2 Mockingly; 3 Aisle; 4 Divergent; 5 Scull; 6 Scholiast; 7 Amaze; 8 Precessed; 14 Dumbfound; 16 Dry as dust; 17 Oppugnant; 21 Irate; 22 Opera; 23 Award; 24 Tiers.

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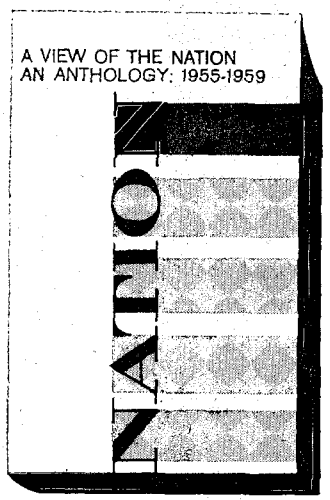

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